THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 7.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of the Essay upon the influence of the French Revolution on the Arts and Sciences in Europe, and that which their decline may produce on Taste in this Country.

Let us take a survey of Europe, and examine how much of it remains free.

Rome is no more: In submitting to a new master, whose interests must necessarily place her in direct opposition with those of every other power, she has drawn a storm upon herself, which in rendering her the object of opposite claims, cannot fail to ensure her being sacked anew, and very soon reduced to the same melancholy condition, in which are at present, Athens, Corinth and Alexandria.*

By her prevarications, which on the one hand have alienated the hearts and the affections of her natural supporters, and on the other have abandoned her, without defence, to impiety, perfidy, and ambition, proved by the most notorious acts, the court of Rome, has brought a catastrophe on herself, which must very soon deprive her of her DOUBLE AUTHORITY† For

"*Tout sceptre que l'on souille, est un sceptre brisé.*"‡

As for the rest of Europe, what has become of the Avignon, Savoy, Switzerland, Le Valais, the states of the king of Sardinia; Lombardy, Tuscany, the Republics of Venice and Genoa; the States of the petty princes and the petty republics of Italy; that even of Geneva; the Kingdom of Naples; Brabant, Holland, Westphalia, Suabia; all the ecclesiastical States of the Rhine: Mayence, Treves, Cologne, Liege, Worms, and Basle: the Electorate of Hanover, Bavaria, Tyrol? they are all annexed, under titles more or less ludicrous, to the list of *Prefectures* of the GREAT NATION! and they are all hastening with her, towards one common abyss.

Amongst the states which have provisionally preserved their ancient titles, what hope remains for science? alas! what shall we say of *Spain?*.....of Portugal! who are alone in the south, and who indeed appear to labour in unison with France, to consummate their own ruin, and to accelerate both the one and the other, their shameful humiliation and their inevitable fall.

In the North..... what asylum can *Denmark*, *Saxony* & *Sweden*; environed by envious powers who have doubtless more than four years since decided their fate at Paris and Berlin; what asylum can they offer to Genius??

If we cast our eyes towards the east; Shall I speak of the *Empire of the Turks*, essentially founded on ignorance and the proscription of the arts; of that empire which plunged Greece and Asia into the barbarism, towards which all Europe is at this moment hastening; that, in short, which may be considered as already effaced from the order of powers; but which however reigns over such a vast extent of Country.....

Is it then the house of Austria, which can extend those generous cares for which fugitive science calls; when its very existence depends only on the life of the *admirable Prince Charles*, whom posterity will doubtles denominate THE LAST OF THE GERMANS.!!

Is it in short in the iron bosom of *Prussia*, that the

* Alexandria formerly so celebrated, which gave birth to Euclid, Origen and Dydemus is now only the resort of Arabs, Moors, Mamelukes and Jews!!

† See the appendix, at the end of this Communication.

‡ "A sceptre disgraced, is a sceptre broken."

mild and delicate genius of the fine arts, can seek to renovate itself? .....where we may still the less expect it as this government incontestibly prepares for itself, an incalculable series of revolutions, wars and commotions, by its greedy, cunning and mercantile system of politics, as well as by the nature of its government solely founded on *the Sword*, of which every one as in France may very soon think he has a right to make himself the *Master*.

Because, why should the ambitious man, however obscure he may be, consent to vegetate in the ranks of the Militia, when it has been so well demonstrated in this *unparalleled age*, that it suffices to DARE, to have every thing at our command, and that there is no longer any other right, but that of the strongest, or the most alert? ?

There is not any thing at present passing on the theatre of Europe, which is foreign to the subject of which I here treat; and the new divisions of nations, the new circumscriptions of states, in this unfortunate part of the world are germs sufficiently sensible of inexhaustless quarrels, & interminable revolutions, for these events to merit being considered with some attention; because there is not a doubt, that this succession of tumults, of wars, and of scourges, must strike the last blow to the ruin, and even to the proscription of the genius of letters and sciences all over Europe.

And indeed it would be evincing a thorough ignorance of the nature of man, to suppose that he can remain indifferent to those transactions in which they so audaciously trifle with his affections, his liberty, his rights, and even his prejudices, and make him pass without his participation, like a herd of cattle, under the dominion of strange Princes, or *strange masters*.

Who will not feel on the contrary, that the enthusiasm for the person of the prince, so generally and so happily blended in the minds of the people, can no longer be the same after these forced and humiliating changes! discouraged by being insulated from their former countrymen, debased by the annihilation of their laws and their privileges; corrupted by the loss of their national spirit; these people will be henceforth but a troop of slaves, destined to be sacrificed for the defence of the robbers who have subjected them, and who will precipitate each other to ruin, with the most astonishing rapidity, involving their subjects in their own fall.

And since it is *impossible*, that masters of this nature, can have for those they have thus reduced to bondage, the same feelings and the same regard which the *Princes* of the same nation had for their *subjects*; as *these masters* are just as little certain of the love of their *people* as of a long possession of the sovereignty; since they regard luxury as absolutely necessary to cast a veil over their ridiculous or shameful origin, since in short, as Horace has said, "*At suave est de magno tollere acervo*;* these men cannot do otherwise than the *greedy clown who killed the hen which laid him every day an egg of gold, in order to possess himself of a treasure all at once.*

We may judge of the mortal blow, which the immense expence of supporting so many and *such* masters, must strike at the fortune and the prosperity of the people; to whom they must give such vast establishments, which had never until now been required of them; for whom they must keep up such a vast military force, which these persons consider with reason as absolutely necessary to their political existence, and their individual security! what then must be the effects of these evils, when they bear upon a nation, already impoverished both in men & money, by *fourteen years* of furious wars, intestine divisions, invasions, scarcity, contributions, nominal and fictitious paper, bankruptcies, loans, forced emigrations, and disasters of every nature!

As these ruinous establishments can exist only in exhausting the public treasure, and the riches of the corporations, even to the funds of societies; as they can exist only by means of extraordinary *subsidies* which must end in general as well as individual ruin; I would ask what in this universal waste can be the part reserved for the encouragement of education, industry, manufactures, Academies, learned men and artists?

Apathy, general misery, and ignorance, must then be the sad fruits of this incredible mania of ambition, luxury, despotism, and exchange of nations, that the identical *individuals* have substituted for the epidemic of Republicanism, and the rights of man with which only a few years before they had themselves innoculated, whether or no, the same people, whom they then represented as being in the condition of VILE SLAVES!†

But also from the wretchedness of the people, will arise other evils: because the subjection of a nation cannot be accomplished in a day, and national spirit, always strug-

* Oh but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards.

† See all the public and official papers; the famous proclamations of France, from 1791, until the period of the Concordat at the end of the year 1801—and the institution of the Cisalpine, Ligurian, Helvetian, Etrurian republics; those of le Valais, Leman, Parthenopia, (Naples,) Batavia, without speaking of Egypt, Germany, &c.

gling with fury in its expiring agony, the depredations and outrages committed on the people, will excite murmurs and conspiracies; which will induce violent measures, that in their turn will provoke indignation and revolt. .... And thus will men continue to destroy each other like savage animals; whilst perhaps, no power will have preserved sufficient strength to present itself in the list, even as a Mediatrix.

In contemplating this perspective of future but too certain confusion, the terrified eye seeks to repose its hopes on England and Russia, which appear to float alone like the ark in the midst of the deluge on the sea of calamities in which Europe is immersed. But if the friend of the arts and sciences, hails these powers as the last protectors and the *magnanimous* benefactors of letters and the fine arts; he cannot measure without inquietude the extent of the evil, which a violent crisis in either of these countries however short it might be, would produce on the arts. In Russia they would be incontestibly more exposed, their transplantation thither having been too recent, for them to have taken so deep a root as to enable them to resist a political storm. England with regard to public spirit and patriotic enthusiasm offer them it is true *immense hopes*: But abandoned to struggle alone against the torrent, or rather the devastating lava, of an innumerable army, elevated to the highest pitch, by the pride of the most unheard-of successes, by the *consciousness of victory*, and governed by the most audacious men that have lived since the war of the *Titans*: who can foresee what fate may be reserved for this country in the impenetrable urn of destiny!.....The ancients judiciously represented *opportunity* under the figure of a winged woman almost naked, with her head shaved: and thus they expressed the impossibility of seizing her, having once suffered her to escape.....I shall abstain from drawing the consequences from the image, that it presents, to those who are essentitally acquainted with the troubles of Europe, and the share that England may have had in them: I would rather hope that the barrier placed between France and Great-Britain will preserve the world from the catastrophe that would subject the *whole universe* to the iron rod of the VICE-ROY'S of France, if the latter could accomplish making Great-Britain (that may now be called the *Chevalier* of Europe) undergo the same fate which the *Pope* has just experienced in negotiations and *Germany* in war.

Let us however suppose that Russia and England seeing their salvation only in the sword, will continue inthe noble & honorable resolution of defending themselves to the last extremity: placed at such a distance from each other, that they can neither have any ready intercourse, nor lend each other any timely assistance; having to struggle *corps-à-corps* each on their own side not only against two thirds of Europe, *which they have suffered to be enrolled under the banners of France*, but also against the *Asiatic powers*, which are incited by every means to revolt against their distant possessions: it would be doubtless too confident to decide that the issue of this NATIONAL DUEL can be favourable to them; because their success or failure, is now only the *chance of fate*.

But if these two nations could be so much discouraged, that they should forget

> On valour's side, the odds of combat lie,
> The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
> The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
> Meets death, or worse than death, eternal shame;*

If this discouragement should induce them to accept degrading conditions of peace from France, in the hope of protracting this crisis to a distant period; let them not be deceived; France will admit only of a PERFIDIOUS PEACE, which may enable her to add an incalculable weight, of opinion, to the immense force of her arms, in order to seize the first favourable moment more certainly to crush her enemies.

Thus whatever plan England and Russia may adopt; if they fall; amidst such a chaos, what refuge can the genius of arts and letters find on the surface of the ancient continent? for my part, I know of none.

Perhaps the penetrating eye of study and observation, may perceive in the thick distant vapours, the approaching developement of these convulsions; a developement which Jean Jacques Rousseau, and many other politicians, seem so judiciously to have foreseen.

Indeed Jean Jacques, in his *Social Compact*, says—"The Russians, from having been prematurely civilized, will never be civilized at all. The empire of Russia would subjugate Europe, and will be herself subjugated. The Tartars, her subjects or her neighbours, will become her masters and OURS. This revolution appears to me *inevitable*. All the kings of Europe are labouring in unison to accelerate it."†

And in another place he says—"We have seen states so constituted ..... that for their preservation they have been obliged perpetually to enlarge their possessions. Perhaps they felicitated themselves on this happy necessity, which shewed them however with the termination of their grandeur, the inevitable moment of their fall."

* Social Compact, chap. 8.
* Iliad, book 5.

Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, a work as profound as charming, and which would have no less immortalized him than his *Spirit of Laws*, although the vulgar perceive in it only levity and satire, says in speaking of the Tartars :

" Of all the nations of the world, none have surpassed that of the Tartars, neither in glory, nor in the grandeur of its conquests ; *these people are the true rulers of the universe* ..... they are equally the founders, and the destroyers of empires—from them have issued almost all the people, who have overthrown the Romanempire—and under the name of Turks, they now " reign over three " fourths of the universe. What are the conquests of " Alexander, in comparison with those of *Gengis-Kan* ? " .... this nation, has only wanted historians."*

I cannot avoid adding to these two citations one from a too celebrated French work of the last century.

" The immense space of country conquered by the " Tartars, astonishes and confounds the imagination ; it " is humiliating to human nature, that these barbarians " should have *conquered almost all our hemisphere*..... " this people so hideous in appearance .... have given *at* " *all times* marks of power ..... *in all ages* they have " been the scourge of nations."†

If then an exterminating war continues to exist without relaxation, between the European nations, relieved only by *temporary truces*, which will just give them time to renovate their strength that *they may renew the attack, with redoubled fury* ..... If France continues to hold numerous and servile armies at a distance: If their chiefs intoxicated with pride and ambition, by their inconceivable success, aspire one day at making themselves independant: If the countries which will be the theatres of these diverse attempts to dismemberment, should lend themselves to it more or less passively ; knowing like the mule in the fable, *that they cannot bear a double load.* If these enterprises become general, in proportion as nations become strangers to their own laws ; still further deprived of those intermediary powers, which are equally the protectors of the rights of the people, and those of the sovereign : If the man who has raised this *colossus on feet of clay*,* or this haughty *tower of Babel*,† should himself fall no matter by what cause, and that then each army should, *as at the fall of Nero, chuse an emperor for itself* ; if a little sooner or later the blood of the conquerors should be confounded with that of the conquered, by one universal vanquisher, and that Europe should again fall into the horrid gloom of barbarism ; nothing can be more probable than this chain of disasters.

For these people weakened, ruined, in fact *expatriated* in the midst of their own country ; torn from their ancient princes, subjected to odious and ridiculous masters : These ephemeral sovereigns but yet ill established, ill affected towards each other ; so justly suspecting and mutually despising one another, every one meditating the ruin of his neighbour, the spoliation of his allies : no, these people, and these princes, cannot henceforth present that mass of *confederacy*, which hitherto existed amongst all the nations of Europe, and which served as a Palladium to this part of the world, against every foreign invasion.

What period has presented itself, since the fall of the Roman empire, in which a concourse of circumstances more favourable than these, have occured to facilitate the *new invasion of barbarians* predicted by so many men of genius, whose opinions I have cited, and which may so easily be supported by a number of authorities, not less worthy of commanding attention.‡

APPENDIX TO PAGE 377.

M. de Noë, bishop of Lescars (in Bearn) having been chosen in 1785 to pronounce a solemn discourse at the opening of the general assembly of the clergy of France, composed that of which the following is an extract. This discourse, which is a real master-piece of sacred eloquence appears to have announced to the monarchy and the clergy their approaching fall ; and as it contained such severe truths, he was not permited to pronounce it. It was printed three years after, in 1788 ; this is what he addresses to the court of Rome, under a metaphorical title :

" ..... And thou ..... angel of the church of Sardis, because thou and thy seat hast held a distinguished rank in the age, and because the *princes of the earth have shar-*

* Gengis-Kan, or Genghiskan, a celebrated Kahn of the Tartars, who after having been 22 years a conqueror, and having founded one of the largest empires of the world, died in 1226 at 72 years of age, he had conquered 1800 leagues from east to west, and more than one thousand from north to south. Persian Letters. 81st.

† Encyclopedia 15 vol. article of the Tartars : folio. Neufchatel edition 1765.

* Dan. chap. ii. † Gen. chap. xi.

‡ There is a much esteemed history of the Tartars, written by Mr. de Guignes, and printed at Paris in 1758, 5 vols. 4to. It contains a curious list of the immense conquests of this *singular* people.

ed their authority with thee, and have associated thee in their works; *deceived by a double power*, thou believest thyself full of strength and life; *the people who behold thee believe this also*; but I, who see in thee, the germs of woe, and *the secret principles of decay*, I pronounce thee infected with a *mortal* disease, which will conduct thee—*thee and thy people*, from persecution to sleep, and from sleep to death. Beware!—I will remove the place of thy candlestick; I will come towards thee in the night like a robber, at the hour when thou shalt least expect me, and finding my vine *neglected* and *desolate* ..... I will drive out and punish my husbandmen. (see the Apocalypse *ch. iii. v.* 1, 2, 3, 6.)

"Need we still further signs of this *revolution* (continued the pontiff) *than this revolution itself, which, prepared at a distance, advances with such rapid strides, and is even now consummating itself beneath your eyes!!* p. 56, 57, 58.

I shall only add in support of these remarkable words, that by the *preamble* itself of the CONCORDAT (drawn up by Portalis, minister of worship) it is evident that the pretended *Restorer of religion* in France from this period aimed only at having, *when circumstances should permit, the chief of the government acknowledged as the chief of religion* also, according to the example of *Mahomet*, Henry VIII. and the Czar Peter.

In fact to accomplish arriving at the enjoyment of unlimited power, which was henceforth the object of this *eldest son of the church* † it was necessary to complete depriving Rome of its *double authority*; and indeed Portalis already advanced, that *it was the wish of a great part of the nation.*

Sensible and judicious persons, exhausted themselves in vain, at this time, notwithstanding the oppression under which they groaned, to demonstrate the important result, that would be the inevitable fruit of these dishonourable and inconsequent measures of the court of Rome, that those who had proscribed them, would very soon avail themselves of them, to abase, to subject, and to *efface* it: but, like Ezekiel, they spoke "*only to dry bones*"! The weakness of some, the want of foresight of others; the credulity of these, the treachery and dishonesty of those;—in short all led them to reject this counsel, as an extravagant hypothesis, which, however, the short space of four or five years will have sufficed to justify.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

† When under these circumstances the Pope gave to the chief of the French Republic the title of "Eldest son of the Church," a wit observed that he should have added that of *presumptive Heir* also.

FOR THE COMPANION.

FROM WOLFFE'S SKETCHES,

On a tour in the South of Europe.

Wandering a few miles from Montepelier, upon a ramble, and following the track of a road, winding along the feet of mountains through a pastoral valley, where shepherds were driving their flocks to feed upon the distant hills, I strayed further on this romantic spot than I originally intended, and did not discover my situation till the setting sun announced the approach of evening. Ignorant of the distance from the town, I alighted, tied my horse to a tree and sought some cottage or hamlet, where information could be gained. No track or road, however, appeared, to guide me, till at a distance, a bridge was visible, that seemed to unite two craggs of rocks, between which a current glided with considerable rapidity, until it fell down a steep, which formed a cataract throwing up its white spray into the air, and from the still reflected beams of the sun, displayed a thousand variegated colours. On the side of this steep, stood a small, but neat cottage, overshadowed with pines; two children were playing on the ground near the door, and had not observed me, till I stood close to them, on asking to whom the cottage belonged, they seemed astonished, stared, and then with precipitancy, ran into the house, calling on *Maman! Maman!* Following them, I perceived an elegant female seated at a table, in the attitude of reading; apologizing for my abrupt entrance, I informed her of my situation, and trusted to her goodness to instruct me by what means I should be likely to regain the path which I had quitted. With the utmost sweetness of countenance and a politeness that evinced a knowledge of the world, she hesitated not to give me the necessary information; and on learning that I was travelling through Montepelier on my road to Italy, and had been tempted by the beauty of the surrounding country, to lose myself in this sequestered spot, she requested me to take some refreshment, of which, from fatigue, I, in truth, stood much in need, and therefore very readily accepted. I was rising to depart, when her husband entered from his evening walk, his surprize and perplexity were not small on seeing me. The lady to whose hospitality I had been so much indebted, explained the circumstances of my visit, and confidence being somewhat inspired, I was tempted to prolong my stay, by the courtesy of the little blooming Jeanette, who had quitted her mother's side, to prattle on my knee. I felt some curiosity to have explained the novelty of finding people so superior in their manners and elegant in their per-

sons, occupying this retired spot, which apparently afforded scarcely the necessaries of life; this was not however, a moment for inquiry,—but my impatience to learn some particulars of my host, was gratified beyond my expectation, by his ingenuous declaration of some circumstances relative to his situation. I thereby understood that he was a Neapolitan Nobleman, who, in consequence of having fatally wounded a brother officer in a duel some months back, had been under the necessity of leaving Italy, and had in retirement, sought that security, which in his own country was denied him. The evening being far advanced, I was anxious to depart, and intimating my desire, he very kindly accompanied me, till by a nearer way, we reached that part of the road which had misled me, and here we parted. Whether it was the courtesy, intelligence, and candour of the husband, the unaffected loveliness of his wife, or the magic of this peculiarly romantic situation, that interested me, I know not, but certain it is, I felt, at parting, a regret which from the shortness of our acquaintance, I hardly dared to confess to myself.

A friend has been so good as to favour us with the following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Detroit, dated June 20.

I send you the result of my observations on the total eclipse of the sun which took place on the 16th of June. They may be of some use to astronomers, or to the curious for ascertaining the longtitude of Detroit; at least within half a degree. The care, which I have taken, to compare during four or five days a watch and a good clock with an exact meridianal line & with the rising & setting of the sun, induces me to believe that I cannot be mistaken by two minutes in determining the moment of the beginning or end of the total darkness; which indeed for want of suitable instruments, I could not ascertain with the utmost precision. However, the following observations are sufficiently correct to determine the longitude of Detroit.

	H.	M.	S.
Beginning of Total Darkness	10	15	20
Middle of the Eclipse	10	16	30
End of Total Darkness	10	17	40
Duration of Total Darkness	00	2	20

N. B.—If the prediction of the eclipse, which is found in the Albany Almanack, has been confirmed by observation, it follows that the difference of meridian or longitude between Detroit and Albany is 14H. 37M. 30s. instead of 9H. only, according to the map lately published for the post of the United States, which is no small difference. In the same almanack, the astronomical observations of which are of Andrew Beers, supposes the longtitude of that [illegible]n to be by the London meridian 73*d*. 8*m*. west. If we ad[illegible]4*d*. 37*m*. 30*s*. we shall have for Detroit 87*d*. 45*m*. 30*s*.; which perhaps is more than the true longitude, from the London observatory, where does the error lie? This deserves the attention of geographers.

The observation of this eclipse afforded me uncommon satisfaction and delight; as it was the first time in my life I had ever beheld an eclipse of the sun. It was remarkably striking: because the sky was perfectly clear, and for a considerable time we distinctly saw, Venus and Mercury, as well as several of the fixed stars. The obscurity was as great during the total darkness, as it was on the same day an hour after sunset. The scene was awful, and gave me an idea of the *beau effrayant*, by the mournful tone and lugubrious aspect which all surrounding objects assumed, when the sun disappeared. Hens and other domestic animals, hastening to their nightly retreats, anounced its approaching defection. The crowing of the cocks bespoke their astonishment at the immediate return of the light. Several persons appeared frightened, and I could not myself refrain from feeling a secret horror; the obscurity was such, that I could with difficulty see the minute on the watch, and mark it down. This had occasioned my calling for a candle; when the return of the solar light which was as sudden as its absence, rendered it unnecessary. How great, powerful and admirable did God, in that moment, appear to me! I considered this event as one of those sports of his omnipotence and wisdom, mentioned in the Holy Scripture, Prov. 8th chap. 31st ver. May we one day be admitted to contemplate in Heaven, the bright sun of Justice, that can suffer neither eclipse nor obscurity! *lumen indeficiens* Eccles. 24th chap. 6th ver.

THE FINE ARTS.

We copy the following article from the Federal Gazette. "We are informed that our countryman BENJAMIN WEST, who has been celebrated in Europe, as an eminent painter, and was for several years historical painter to the king of Great-Britain, is about to return to Pennsylvania, and spend the reamainder of his days in his native state.

In repeating this piece of intelligence so interesting to the friends of the arts, and those who are anxious for our national glory, we cannot resist making known a reflec-

tion unfortunately too well founded, which was made by an *English* amateur on this subject. He said that if Benjamin West had remained amongst us, he would have died long ago of hunger, have pined away in melancholy and discontent, at finding himself forgotten and despised: Because to those who are devoted to the arts, honour and fame, are as necessary as bread.

Besides it is impossible to sacrifice to the study of painting the immense time and expence, necessary to attain perfection in it, unless these are amply rewarded by proportionate indemnities. There is no doubt that the reputation of this great man, would have been nipped in its very bud, and that America could never have boasted of his masterly productions, neither his Battle of the Hague, nor the death of General Wolf, nor the departure of Regulus, nor the flight of the Vestals, nor in short of any of those *chef d'oeuvres,* which have been so magnificently engraved in England, and which in bearing the reputation of Benjamin West all over Europe, have contributed to his fortune, as well as to the *honours* with which he has been so justly distinguished.

VARIETY.

I have been pleased with the following spirited version of a part of the 10th of Juvenal's satires, in which he gives some account of one of the greatest warriors that ever lived. It is by the hand of Mr. Gifford.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the weighty dust which yet remains:
And is this all! yet THIS was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Africa out-stretch'd from where the Atlantic roars,
To Nilus: from the line, to Lybia's shores!
Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows: through these he bursts his way,
And Italy already owns his sway...
Still thundering on—"think nothing done" he cries
"Till low in dust our haughty rival lies;
Till through her smoking streets I lead my powers,
And plant my standard on her hated towers."
Big words! but view his figure, view his face;
O, for some masterhand the chief to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by rains increas'd
Spoil'd of an eye he flounc'd on his Getulian beast!
But what ensued—illusive glory! say?
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flees in exile to a foreign state
With headlong haste, and, at a despot's gate
Sits wond'rous suppliant! of his fate in doubt
'Till the Bithynian's nap be out,
Just to his fame what death has heaven assign'd
This great controler of all human kind?
Did hostile armies give the fatal wound,
Or mountains press him, struggling, to the ground?
No! three small drops within a ring conceal'd
Avenged the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!
Go madman, go! the paths of fame pursue,
Climb other Alps and other realms subdue,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!

The following picturesque description from Carr's Northern Summer, may vie with the productions of Mrs. Radcliffe's fertile imagination.

At five oclock in the evening of the sixth of July, with very little wind, we slowly withdrew from Stockholm. Before night we were completely becalmed; our captain rowed us up to a rock, and throwing out a gang-board, tied the vessel to a fir tree for the night. Here we landed, and ascended the rocks, which, sparingly clothed with gray moss, rose from the water's edge in the most grand, romantic, and picturesque disorder. Before us the rich crimson suffusion of the sun, just behind a dark undulating line of fir-forests, gave at once tranquillity and tone to the lake-appearance of this arm of the Baltic, which was enlivened by the white-lagging sails of a few boats, that on the opposite side softly and slowly creeped through the deep shadows of the shores, crowned with the woods of Liston-cottage; whilst in the south, the tower of St. Catherines, mounted upon her airy summit, the houses, the palace, and the spires, seemed composed of light cloud and mist. The silence of this delicious repose of nature was only faintly broken by the dashing of the oar, and the carol of the distant boatmen; in the language of the divine Milton:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk———————————
———————————now glowed the firmament
With living saphirs."

Seated upon a rock, we for a long time contemplated this exquisite scene, till at length the calls of sleep induced us to descend into our cabin, where our accommodations were very comfortable. With the sun, which was an early riser, we unmoored, and advanced but very slowly; as we proceeded, misery in a new shape presented itself. From a wretched hovel, upon one of the islands which began to appear in clusters, hanging over the edge of the water, and ready to drop into it, an old man in rags, and nearly blind, put off in a little crazy boat, and rowing towards us, implored our charity in the most touching manner, and seemed very grateful for the trifle we gave him.

These beautiful lines are from Moore's new poems.

ON SEEING AN INFANT IN NEA'S ARMS.

The first ambrosial child of bliss,
That Psyche to her bosom prest
Was not a brighter babe than this,
Nor blush'd upon a lovelier breast!
His little snow-white fingers, straying
Along her lip's luxuriant flower,
Look'd like a flight of ring-doves playing,
Silvery, mid a roseate bower,
And when, to shade the playful boy,
Her dark hair fell, in mazes bright,
Oh! 'twas a type of stolen joy;
'Twas love beneath the veil of night!
Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again,
They seem'd so kindred in their charms
That one might think, the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms!
He look'd like something form'd of air,
Which she had utter'd in a sigh;
Like some young spirit, resting there,
That late had wander'd from her eye!

VII ODE OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

The snow dissolves before the breeze;
Fresh flowery verdure robes the plain;
Rich foliage decks the rustling trees,
And Spring with smiles resumes her reign.

All nature blooms: the furious floods,
That spread their desolating tide
O'er prostrate plains, through echoing woods,
Down to their native channels glide.

The Nymphs, by wintry blasts appal'd,
Start, with the graces, from their trance;
Nor fear, by whispering Zephyrs call'd,
In naked charms to weave the dance.

Seasons revolve, and disappear;
Hours, quick succession! come and fly;
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,
Proclaims to man Mortality.

Rough winter melts with vernal gales;
These yield to Summer's scorching ray:
Then Autumn pours his fruits, and fails,
Dethron'd by Winter's circling sway.

Thus Season's soon revolve, and soon
Night flies the glittering shafts of Morn:
Earth fades and blooms; the waning Moon
Fills with new light her silver horn:

When once frail Man resigns his breath,
The rich, the virtuous, and the wise!
All-darkling in the cell of Death
A victim unredeem'd he lies!

Who knows, if that controuling Power,
The fount of life! when this day's sun
Is set, will add another hour
To those that have already run?

Then bid adieu! to cares and strife;
Thy soul let festive pleasures chear:
Infuse with mirth the cup of life,
Nor heed thy disappointed heir.

When gloomy Death shall interpose
His shroud betwixt this sun and thee;
When the stern Judge with pomp disclose,
And solemn voice, his just decree:

Nor eloquence, nor splendid birth,
Will then avail to change thy doom:
Not virtue warms the clay-cold earth,
Or opes the portals of the tomb.

A Goddess great, a hero brave,
Found love alike and friendship vain:
Her votary chaste she could not save,
He burst his friend's Lethæan chain.

From the Wild Flowers by Robert Bloomfield.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, HERTS. *June* 1804.

Welcome silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While raptures gushing tears descend
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please: and each in turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
O heav'n permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.

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